

STRANGE STORIES OF THRILLS AND SUSPENSE

DARK MYSTERIES

DARK MYSTERIES

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

THE SPIRITS
PREDICT A WONDERFUL
FUTURE FOR YOU—
I SEE ROMANCE, WEALTH,
TRAVEL. ALL IS ...
HEY—WHAT'S GOING
ON BACK THERE??

YOU'RE A
FAKE!
MY BOY FRIEND
SAID HE WOULD
EXPOSE YOU!

AND HERE IS HIS
CONFEDERATE WITH HIS
PHONEY DISGUISES. I'M
GOING TO PUT BOTH OF
THEM OUT OF BUSINESS.

THE MARDENBURG CURSE



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

12¢

No. 15



STRANGE MYSTERIES

DR. MARTIN PEALE, AN AVID STUDENT OF THE PAST, HAD MADE A FANTASTIC DISCOVERY...ONE THE WHOLE WORLD WOULD NOT BELIEVE! BUT IT WAS TRUE, AS YOU WILL FIND OUT AS YOU READ...

"Don't Box Me In!"

I TOLD YOU IT WASN'T JUST A DREAM! IT'S BEGINNING TO MOVE! THIS IS THE DISCOVERY OF THE CENTURY!!



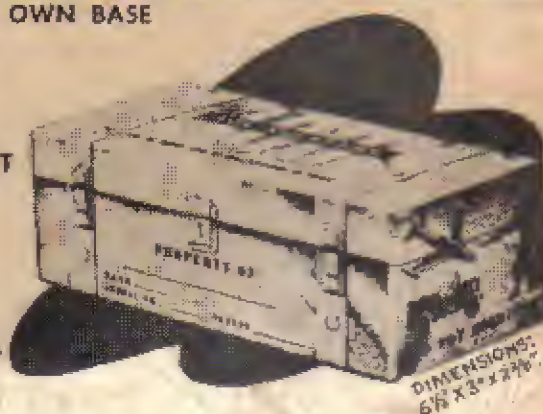
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- ★ FUN TO SHOW
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- ★ FUN TO COLLECT

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| 4 Battleships | 8 Wacs |
| 4 Cruisers | 4 Bombers |
| 4 Sailors | 4 Trucks |
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| 8 Machinegunners | 8 Cannon |
| 8 Sharpshooters | 4 Bazookamen |
| 4 Infantrymen | 4 Marksmen |

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HERE'S MY \$1.25!

NO C.O.D.'s

Rush the TOY SOLDIERS TO ME!

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City..... State.....

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FOR TEN GENERATIONS THE VON FELSENWEIR FAMILY HAD LAIN UNDER A POWERFUL AND EVIL CURSE. ONE BY ONE THE PROUD AND ARROGANT BARONS WHO LED THE CLAN MET STRANGE AND FEARFUL ENDS. NOW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO FREDERICK, TENTH AND LAST BARON VON FELSENWEIR?

OUR STORY BEGINS OVER SIX HUNDRED YEARS AGO IN THE WILD MOUNTAINS OF CARPATHIA

NOW, VON MARDENBURG, YOU DIE!

AH, VON FELSENWEIR, DO YOU REALLY WISH MY HORSE SO BADLY THAT YOU WOULD KILL ME FOR IT?



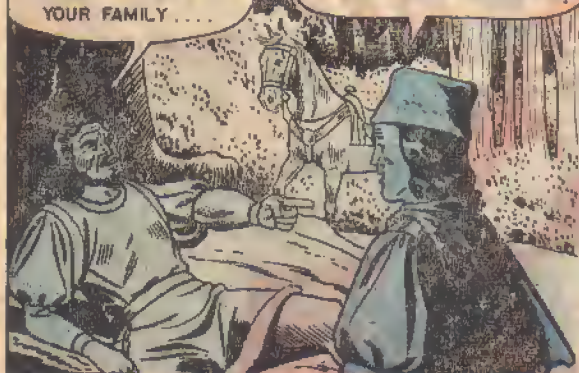
I WOULD EVEN DEFY THE DEVIL HIMSELF TO GET WHAT I WANT!

THIS EVIL DEED WILL DO YOU NO GOOD!



VON FELSEWEIR, FOR THIS EVIL DEED YOU, AND ALL WHO FOLLOW YOU FOR TEN GENERATIONS, SHALL MEET WITH MADNESS AND DEATH. THIS IS MY CURSE ON YOU AND YOUR FAMILY . . .

WHAT? . . . YOU DO NOT FRIGHTEN ME, MARDENBURG. NO LONGER WILL YOU STAND IN MY WAY. THE VON FELSEWEIRS HAVE CONQUERED!



BUT HAD THEY? AS VON FELSEWEIR RODE OFF ON THE STOLEN HORSE AN UNEASY FEELING CLUTCHED HIS HEART AND STIFLED HIS THROAT . . .

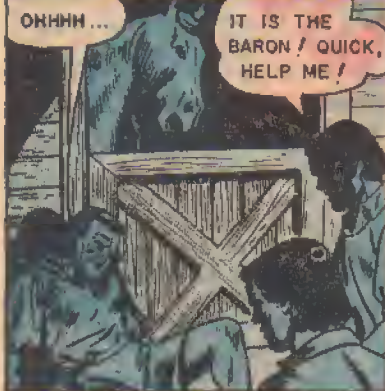
HIS CURSES CAN DO ME NO HARM—YET WHO CAN TELL. I'LL VISIT GAFFER KLAUS WHEN I GET HOME. HE KNOWS MORE OF CHARMS AND WITCHCRAFT THAN ANY IN ALL CARPATHIA . . .



FOR THE NEXT FEW MONTHS ALL WAS WELL AND VON FELSEWEIR SOON FORGOT HIS DREAD. THEN ONE DAY WHEN HIS GROOMS ENTERED THE STABLES . . .

ORHHH . . .

IT IS THE BARON! QUICK, HELP ME!



EXCELLENCY! WHAT HAPPENED?

THE HORSE!—IT WAS THE HORSE!—KILL IT!—CURSE OF MARDENBURG UHHH



HE IS DEAD!

DID YOU HEAR THAT? IT IS ALMOST AS IF HE KNEW WHAT HAPPENED WE MUST GET RID OF HIM AT ONCE HE IS TRULY ACCURSED!



AND SO THE VON FELSEWEIRS MET THEIR FATE ONE BY ONE FOR SIX HUNDRED YEARS LET'S LOOK IN NOW ON FREDERICK, TENTH AND LAST OF THE BARONS . . .

FREDERICK, WHAT'S THE STORY BEHIND THIS TAPESTRY?

IT SHOWS MY ANCESTOR, FREDERICK THE FIRST KILLING A MARDENBURG, ONE OF OUR HATED ENEMIES!



ENEMIES? SURELY YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT? WHY YOU CAN ALMOST LOOK INTO MARDENBURG CASTLE FROM YOURS—AND BESIDES, YOU'RE PACING YOUR HORSES AGAINST THEIRS THIS VERY AFTERNOON!

THAT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE. ALL VON FELSEWEIRS HATE MARDENBURGS. WE ALWAYS HAVE AND WE ALWAYS WILL!



WELL--ER, SHALL WE
MOVE ALONG. WE
DON'T WANT TO BE
LATE FOR THE
RACE, DO WE?

NO, WE DON'T. I
WOULDN'T WANT TO MISS
THE PLEASURE OF SEEING
A VON MARDENBURG GOING
DOWN TO DEFEAT!
LET'S GO!

THAT AFTERNOON AT THE RACE .

THEY'RE OFF!

NOW WATCH
MY HORSE WIN!

I TOLD YOU SO! MY HORSE
IS AHEAD. I'M WINNING!
I'M WINNING!

BUT AS THE HORSES FLASH BY
THE POST. . .

THE WINNER!
JERSEY DAY! SECOND, DRAGON!
THIRD. . .

HE WON! VON
MARDENBURG'S
HORSE WON!
HE BEAT ME!

EASY,
FREDERICK.
IT WAS ONLY A
RACE. THERE'LL
BE OTHER
MATCHES.

ONLY A RACE! NO
VON MARDENBURG
CAN DO THIS TO A
VON FELSENWEIR.
HE'S NOT GOING TO
LORD IT OVER ME!
I'LL SEE TO THAT!

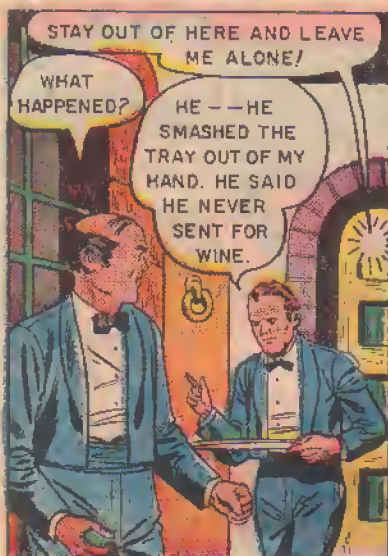
FREDERICK,
CALM
DOWN,
PLEASE.

BUT NO AMOUNT OF TALKING
WOULD HELP FREDERICK STALKED
OFF BESIDE HIMSELF WITH RAGE
AND HATE .

HE'S MAD! THE
LOOK IN HIS EYE
FRIGHTENS ME.

ME TOO. I'VE
NEVER SEEN
HIM LIKE
THIS BEFORE.
I HOPE HE'LL
BE ALL RIGHT.

FROM THAT DAY FORTH FREDERICK WAS A CHANGED MAN. MADNESS SEEMED TO HOLD HIM IN ITS GRIP.



SOME HOURS LATER IN A DARK CORNER OF THE VON MARDENBURG STABLES FREDERICK WATCHED AS FLAMES LICKED HUNGRILY AT ITS DRIED AND ANCIENT BOARDS

SOON, COUNT VON MARDENBURG, YOU WILL HAVE NO HORSES. YOUR STABLES WILL BE GONE. NO LONGER WILL YOU LORD IT OVER ME!



NO MARDENBURG CAN CONQUER A VON FELSEWEIR! NOT WHILE I LIVE!



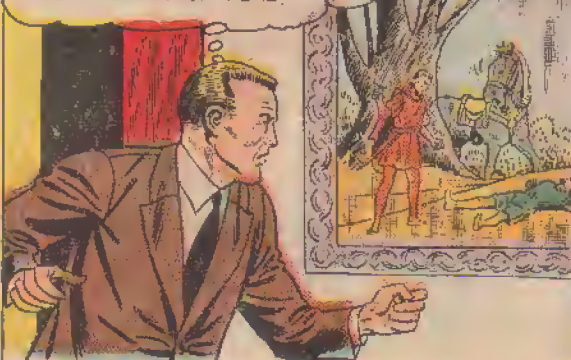
HURRYING BACK TO THE ROOM IN THE TOWER FREDERICK WATCHED THE BURNING STABLES WITH BROODING THOUGHTS

IF THEY BUT KNEW WHOSE HAND HAD PUT THE TORCH TO THOSE STABLES. IF THEY BUT KNEW!



SUDDENLY SOMETHING COMPELLED FREDERICK TO TURN AND LOOK AT THE TAPESTRY. WHAT HE SAW BROUGHT MOUNTING TERROR

THE HORSE'S HEAD! IT TURNED! IT'S LOOKING AT ME! LET ME OUT OF HERE!



AS FREDERICK BACKED TOWARD THE DOOR SICK WITH FRIGHT AN EVEN STRANGER THING OCCURRED...

MY--MY SHADOW! IT'S ALMOST AS IF I HAD KILLED MARDENBURG! AND THE HORSE--HE'S TRYING TO GET AT ME! ...



IN A PANIC FREDERICK FLED FROM THE ROOM. AS HE REACHED THE CASTLE TERRACE

IT'S AS IF IT WERE AN OMEN! YET I HAVE KILLED NO ONE.

YOUR EXCELLENCY, I MUST SPEAK TO YOU!



WHAT IS IT? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

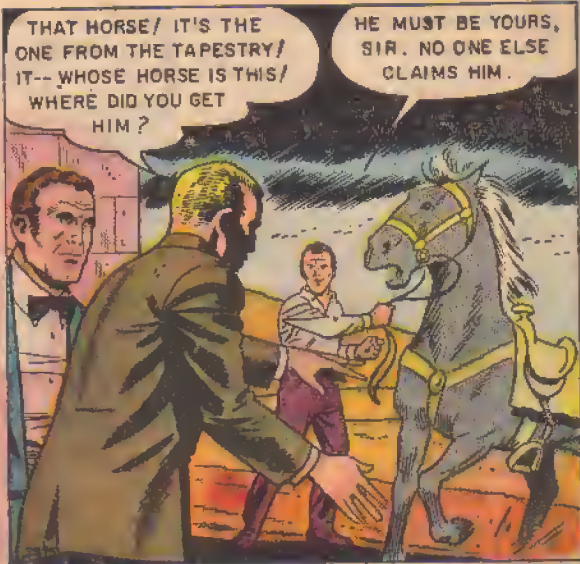
I HAVE BAD NEWS, SIR. COUNT VON MARDENBURG IS DEAD. I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW IMMEDIATELY!



DEAD? YOU SAY COUNT VON MARDENBURG IS DEAD? HOW? HOW DID HE DIE?

HE WAS KILLED TRYING TO RESCUE SOME OF HIS HORSES FROM THE FLAMES. IT WAS TERRIBLE. POOR MAN, MAY GOD REST HIS SOUL.





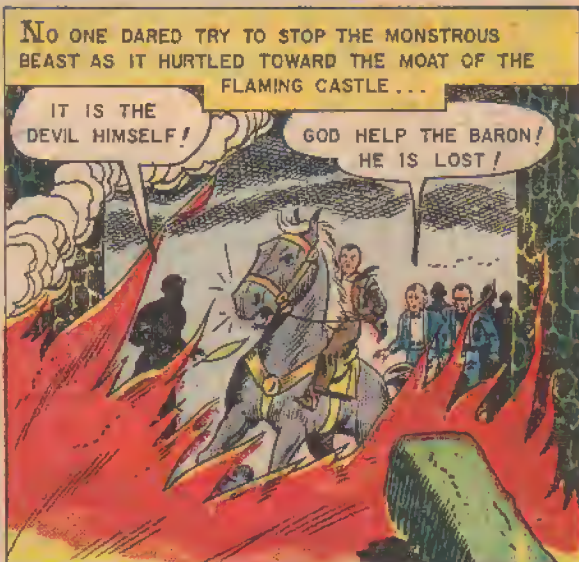


AS FREDERICK RODE OFF DARK CLOUDS BEGAN TO GATHER. WITHIN THE HOUR THE HEAVENS BURST, BRINGING A TERRIBLE STORM. SUDDENLY THERE WAS A TERRIFIC CRASH OF THUNDER AND A GIGANTIC BOLT OF LIGHTNING HIT THE CASTLE

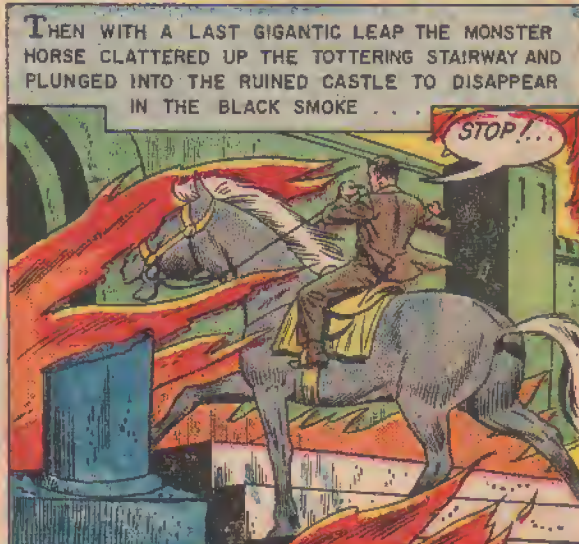
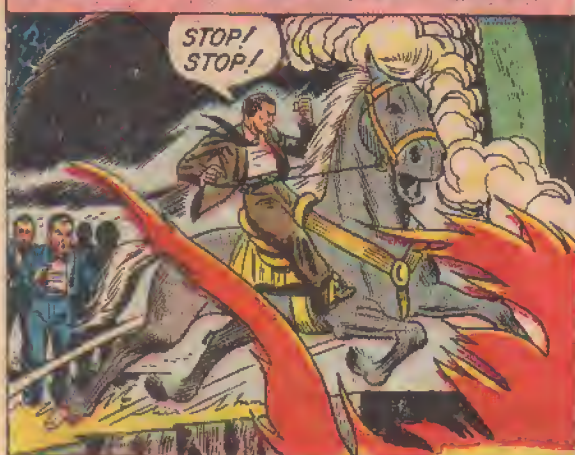


IN WHAT SEEMED AN INSTANT, THE STUPENDOUS AND MAGNIFICENT BATTLEMENTS OF CASTLE VON FELSENWEIR ARE A MASS OF FLAME. SUDDENLY





FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE, THE TERRIFIED FREDERICK EXERTED EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH TO STOP THE HEADLONG FLIGHT OF THE BEAST, BUT TO NO AVAIL . . .



AT THAT MOMENT THE FURY OF THE STORM DIED WITH STARTLING SUDDENNESS. AND IN THE SUPERNATURAL GLARE OF THE SMOLDERING RUINS THERE COULD BE SEEN OVER THE DYING BATTLEMENTS A COLLOSSAL FIGURE, THAT OF THE MONSTER HORSE! THE CURSE OF MARDENBURG HAD BEEN FULFILLED . . .



THE
END

PERHAPS THERE IS SOME LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO MARCY FENTON. NONE WHO WITNESSED THOSE STRANGE EVENTS COULD EXPLAIN IT. IT WOULD BE SIMPLE TO SAY THEY IMAGINED THE WHOLE THING, BUT THEY DIDN'T. THEY SAW...

The FINAL WALTZ



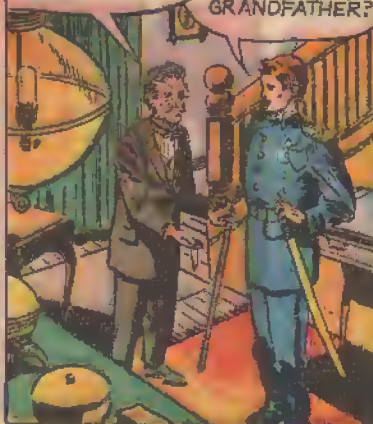
THIS IS A STRANGE
LOCKET, MARCY. IT IS
SAID THAT THE WEARER
WILL BE BOUND TO ITS
OWNER IN LIFE AND
IN DEATH.

REALLY?
IT WILL BE
BEAUTIFUL WITH
MY NEW
DRESS!

THE HOME OF JEB AUSTIN
AS HE SAYS GOODBYE TO HIS
GRANDFATHER BEFORE JOIN-
ING HIS REGIMENT...

JEB, I HAVEN'T MUCH TO GIVE
YOU AS A GOING AWAY
PRESENT... SO I'D LIKE
YOU TO HAVE
THIS.

WHAT IS IT,
GRANDFATHER?



IT'S A CHARM GIVEN TO ME BY
A CONJURE MAN IN NEW
ORLEANS MANY YEARS AGO!

A CHARM? IT'S
VERY ODD!
WHAT IS IT
SUPPOSED TO
DO?

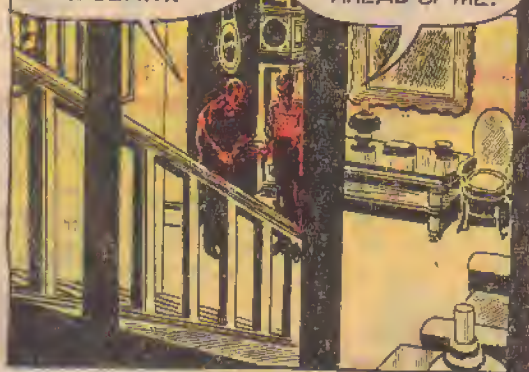


WELL, IT PROTECTS A MAN IN LOVE. THE GIRL YOU GIVE THIS LOCKET TO WILL BE BOUND TO YOU FOREVER ... IN LIFE AND IN DEATH!

BUT, GRANDFATHER, I DON'T BELIEVE IN MAGIC AND CHARMS. BESIDES, I'M NOT PLANNING TO FALL IN LOVE. I'VE GOT MY CAREER AHEAD OF ME!

NEVER CAN TELL ... HUMOR AN OLD MAN, SON, AND WEAR IT UNTIL YOU DO. THEN GIVE IT TO YOUR GIRL. YOU WON'T REGRET IT!

ALL RIGHT, IF IT WILL PLEASE YOU... I'VE GOT TO GO NOW. IT'S GETTING NEAR TRAIN TIME... I'LL WRITE.



FOR THE NEXT FEW YEARS JEB CARRIED THE LOCKET CONSTANTLY. GIRLS SAW IT BUT NEVER WORE IT. THEN HE WAS TRANSFERRED TO FORT DEFIANCE IN INDIAN TERRITORY



JUMPING JEHOSEPHAT! GET A MOVE ON, JEB! YOU'VE BEEN SLICKING UP FOR AN HOUR NOW!

GOT A SPECIAL REASON SAM! I'M GOING TO ASK THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER TO MARRY ME!



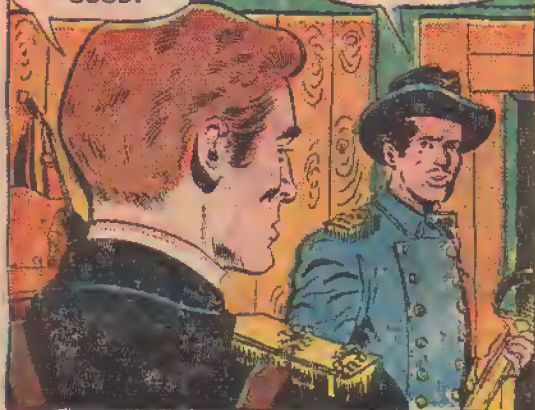
WHAT? MARRY MARCY FENTON? ARE YOU CRAZY, MAN? SHE'LL LAUGH IN YOUR FACE! THAT GIRL IS THE BIGGEST FLIRT THIS SIDE OF THE ROCKIES. SHE... HEY!

CUT THAT OUT, SAM. I HAPPEN TO LOVE MARCY, AND I DON'T LIKE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING!



EASY, BOY! I DIDN'T MEAN TO GET YOU ANGRY... I WAS JUST TELLING YOU SOMETHING FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.

KEEP YOUR ADVICE FOR SOMEONE WHO NEEDS IT... I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!



MEANWHILE, AT THE DANCE...

MY MARCY, AREN'T YOU PRETTY TONIGHT! ALL DRESSED UP FOR CAPTAIN AUSTEN?

CAPTAIN AUSTEN? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



WHY IT'S ALL OVER THE FORT THAT HE'S GOING TO ASK YOU TO MARRY HIM TONIGHT!

ME MARRY THAT FUNERAL PARLOR ATTENDANT? I WOULDN'T MARRY HIM IF HE WERE THE LAST MAN ON THE POST! HE'S SO SERIOUS ALL THE TIME!



WELL, YOU'VE CERTAINLY BEEN PAYING ENOUGH ATTENTION TO HIM... ANYONE WOULD THINK YOU TWO WERE HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE!

REALLY? WELL IF YOU MUST KNOW, HE HAS A CURIOUS LOCKET THAT I'M DYING TO GET. ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO GET IT!



MARCY FENTON... HOW COULD YOU? THAT--THAT'S PLAIN BRAZEN!

BE STILL! HERE HE COMES!

CAROL, YOU'LL EXCUSE US... MARCY HAS THIS DANCE PROMISED TO ME.

THAT'S RIGHT, JEB... I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

SHE CERTAINLY HAS!

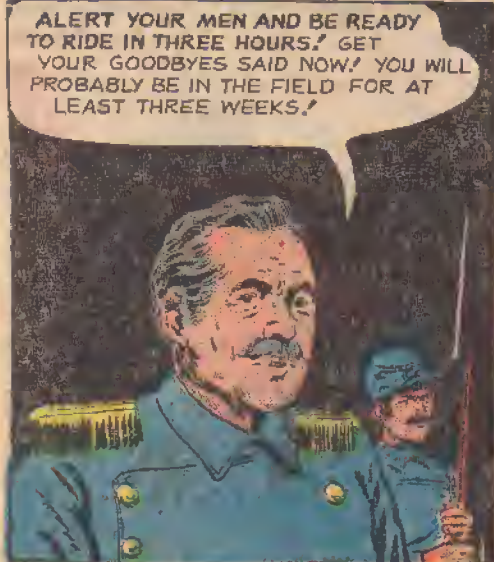


THE DANCE HAD SCARCELY BEGUN WHEN THERE WAS A SUDDEN INTERRUPTION!

GENTLEMEN, I HAVE JUST RECEIVED WORD THE APACHES ARE ON THE WARPATH! WE HAVE ORDERS TO STOP THEM!



ALERT YOUR MEN AND BE READY TO RIDE IN THREE HOURS! GET YOUR GOODBYES SAID NOW! YOU WILL PROBABLY BE IN THE FIELD FOR AT LEAST THREE WEEKS!

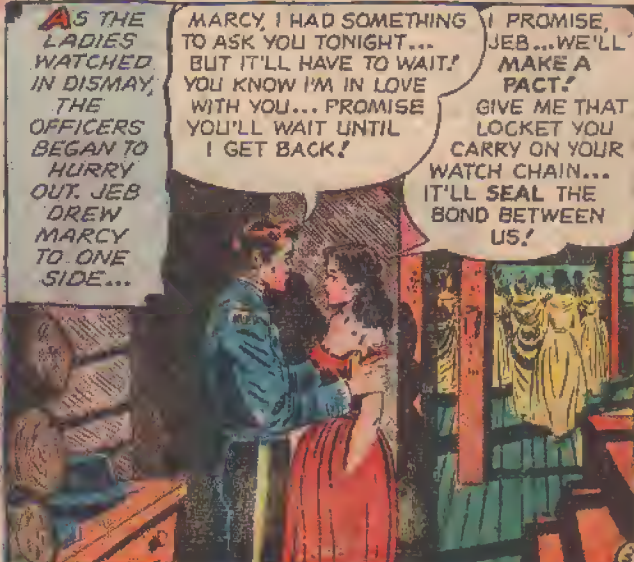


AS THE LADIES WATCHED IN DISMAY, THE OFFICERS BEGAN TO HURRY OUT. JEB DREW MARCY TO ONE SIDE...

MARCY, I HAD SOMETHING TO ASK YOU TONIGHT... BUT IT'LL HAVE TO WAIT! YOU KNOW I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU... PROMISE YOU'LL WAIT UNTIL I GET BACK!

I PROMISE, JEB... WE'LL MAKE A PACT!

GIVE ME THAT LOCKET ON YOUR WATCH CHAIN... IT'LL SEAL THE BOND BETWEEN US!



JEB TOOK OUT THE LOCKET AND TRIED TO TELL MARCY OF ITS STRANGE POWER! SHE WAS ONLY INTERESTED IN HOW IT WOULD LOOK ON HER...



WHOEVER WEARS THIS LOCKET WILL BE BOUND TO ITS OWNER FOR ALL TIME!

REALLY, JEB? MY, IT'S LOVELY... JUST WHAT I NEED TO SET OFF MY NEW DRESS!



MY GRANDFATHER SWEARS ITS POWER IS REAL. IT HAS NEVER LEFT ME SINCE HE GAVE IT TO ME. YOU ARE THE FIRST TO HAVE IT!

WAIT 'TIL THE GIRLS SEE THIS! WON'T THEY BE JEALOUS!



OUTSIDE, A BUGLE BLARES URGENTLY...

I'VE GOT TO GO NOW MARCY. JUST REMEMBER THAT I'LL BE BACK. THE LOCKET IS BETWEEN US NOW... GOODBYE...

GOODBYE, JEB. I MUST GO AND SHOW THIS TO THE GIRLS! IT'S BEAUTIFUL!



THE WEEKS SLIPPED BY AND MARCY PROMPTLY FORGOT HER PROMISE TO JEB. SHE HAD A NEW INTEREST... A HANDSOME MAJOR NEWLY ARRIVED FROM THE EAST!

GIRLS, I HAVE THE MOST EXCITING NEWS. MAJOR HARTLEY ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM AND I'VE ACCEPTED!

MARCY HOW WONDERFUL! CONGRATULATIONS!



BUT, MARCY, WHAT ABOUT JEB AUSTEN? YOU TOLD ME YOU PROMISED TO WAIT UNTIL HE RETURNED!

OH, BOTHER, JEB AUSTEN. HE'LL HAVE FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT IT BY THE TIME HE GETS BACK. I'VE GOT TO RUN NOW AND SPREAD THE NEWS... GOODBYE!



THE WHOLE FORT WAS AGOG WITH THE NEWS. TO THE TINY GROUP IN THAT ISOLATED SPOT IT WAS THE EVENT OF THE YEAR

ARE YOU MEN GOING TO HAVE THOSE DECORATIONS FINISHED IN TIME FOR THE WEDDING TOMORROW? REMEMBER THEY HAVE TO BE JUST RIGHT!

DON'T WORRY, SIR, THEY'LL BE DONE AND DONE RIGHT!



MEANWHILE, FAR OUT ON THE DESERT, JEB AUSTEN AND A PATROL GRIMLY TRY TO FIGHT OFF AN INDIAN ATTACK...

LOOKS BAD, CAP'N! THEY'VE GOT US SURROUNDED!

DON'T WORRY, SERGEANT, WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT. WE'VE GOT TO BE!



HERE THEY
COME AGAIN,
WE'RE DONE
FOR!

TAKE IT EASY,
SERGEANT... WE'RE
GOING BACK! I'VE
GOT A DATE AT THE
FORT THAT'S GOT TO BE
KEPT AND I MEAN TO
KEEP IT... POUR IT
ON, MEN!



THE NEXT NIGHT THE WEDDING
TOOK PLACE AMID MUCH GAIETY.
FOR SOME STRANGE REASON
MARCY WORE JEB'S LOCKET...



AFTER THE CEREMONY THE
CROWD WATCHED IN ADMI-
RATION AS THE NEW BRIDE AND
GROOM STEPPED OUT FOR
THE FIRST DANCE...

ISN'T SHE
BEAUTIFUL!

AND HE'S SO
HANDSOME... I
KNOW THEY'LL
BE HAPPY!



SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS SEEMED
TO DIM. THE DOOR AT THE END
OF THE HUGE ROOM FLEW OPEN.
THERE WAS JEB!



AUSTEN! IT'S
CAPTAIN AUSTEN!

JEB!

FOR A MOMENT HE STARED
AT THE BRIDE AND THEN
HOLDING OUT HIS ARMS HE
DREW HER FROM THE CLASP
OF THE MAJOR...



J-JEB! WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

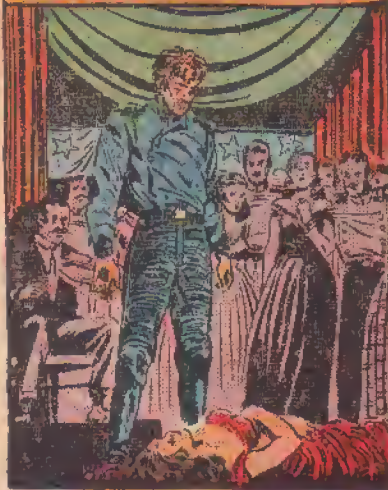
THE COMPANY STOOD IN A TRANCE AS AUSTEN
CLASPED THE BRIDE TO HIS BOSOM AND
BEGAN A DANCE...



THE MUSICIANS PLAYED FASTER AND FASTER,
UNABLE TO STOP, AS ROUND AND ROUND THE
COUPLE SPUN!



SUDDENLY, AS IF BY SIGNAL, THE MUSIC STOPPED. MARCY SANK SLOWLY TO THE FLOOR... DEAD! THE CROWD, UNABLE TO MOVE, STOOD TRANSFIXED WITH HORROR!



AUSTEN BENT AND TORE THE LOCKET FROM THE GIRL'S BRIDAL GOWN, THE SILENCE ENGULFED THE ROOM IN A GREAT WAVE...



THEN, WITHOUT A BACKWARD GLANCE, HE TURNED AND WALKED TOWARDS THE DOOR AS THE ASSEMBLAGE CAME TO LIFE...



A DOZEN HANDS REACHED TO STOP HIM, BUT THEY GRASPED ONLY AIR. EVEN AS THEY WATCHED, AUSTEN FADED FROM VIEW...



AS THE CROWD STARED BLANKLY AT THE SPOT WHERE AUSTEN HAD DIS-APPEARED, A TIRED, DUSTY TROOPER HURRIED INTO THE BALLROOM...



WHERE IS THE COLONEL? I HAVE URGENT NEWS FOR HIM!

CAPTAIN AUSTEN! SIR, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



BECAUSE HE'S DEAD! CAPTAIN AUSTEN AND ALL OF HIS MEN WERE MASSACRED BY THE INDIANS TWO DAYS AGO!



A WEEK LATER, THEY BROUGHT IN THE BODY OF JEB AUSTEN. A STRANGE FEELING WENT THROUGH THOSE WHO VIEWED THE REMAINS, FOR CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND WAS THE VERY SAME LOCKET HE HAD TORN FROM MARCY FENTON'S DRESS!'



THE BEST AUTOMOBILE Sticker

RELIGION
IN
AMERICAN
LIFE

EVERY FAMILY IN AMERICA
SHOULD DISPLAY THIS
IMPORTANT MESSAGE...



He restoreth
your soul...

Worship together this week



HERE IS HOW YOU
CAN GET A REAL
STICKER FOR YOUR
FAMILY CAR...

WRITE TO:

RELIGION IN
AMERICAN LIFE

300 FOURTH AVE,
NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

SEND TEN CENTS TO
COVER HANDLING
CHARGES...

COMPLY WITH YOUR STATE
LAWS IN PASTING STICKER
ON CAR WINDOWS...

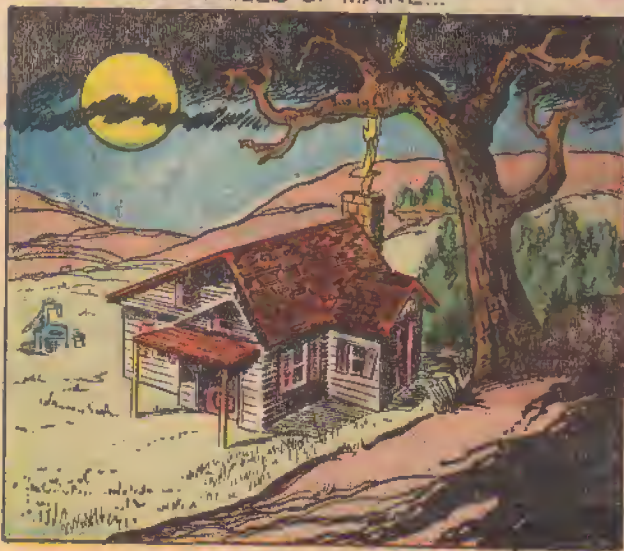
PREPARED IN COOPERATION WITH THE RELIGION
IN AMERICAN LIFE AND THE ADVERTISING
COUNCIL BY THE ASSOCIATION OF COMICS
MAGAZINES PUBLISHERS...

WHAT WAS THE FRIGHTFUL SECRET THAT KEPT THE FARM EMPTY? UNOCCUPIED BY MORTALS, THE DECAYING HOUSE HAD THE EERIE REPUTATION OF BEING HAUNTED EVER SINCE THE SLAYING THAT HAD TAKEN PLACE WITHIN ITS DARK WALLS... THE SLAYING THAT LED TO THE STRANGE TALE OF...

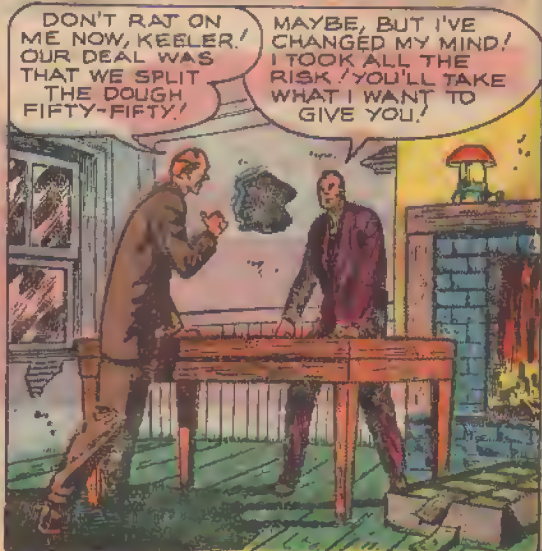
THE Shadow OVER Manton Farm



A PALE MOON CASTS EERIE SHADOWS OVER A GRIM LOOKING FARMHOUSE BURIED IN THE TIME-WORN HILLS OF MAINE...



INSIDE THOSE FORBIDDING WALLS TWO MEN QUARREL OVER ILL-GOTTEN GAINS...



THE ARGUMENT GROWS MORE VIOLENT! SUDDENLY...

YOU DIRTY DOUBLECROSSER! YOU AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY WITH THIS! HALF OF THAT MONEY IS MINE!

WAS, JENKS, WAS/I THINK NOW I'LL TAKE IT ALL!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE, LEW!...I WAS A LITTLE HASTY! YOU WOULDN'T SHOOT A PAL...UHH...

SO LONG, PAL!

BLAM

YOU... YOU MURDERING SKUNK... I'LL GET EVEN ON YOU... EVEN IF I HAVE TO COME BACK FROM THE GRAVE TO DO IT!... I'LL GET EVEN... I'LL GET EVEN... OHHH...

THREE HUNDRED GRAND AND IT'S ALL MINE! ALL MINE!

AS HE GETS READY TO LEAVE, KEELER HEARS A NOISE IN THE FARMYARD...

COPS! I GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

I'LL HIDE THE DOUGH IN HERE AND MAKE A RUN FOR IT! MAYBE I CAN SLIP AWAY IN THE DARKNESS!

HURRYING TO THE BACK OF THE HOUSE, KEELER SLIPS OUT A WINDOW...

THEY MAY GET ME BUT THEY WON'T GET THAT DOUGH!

AND IN THE FRONT...

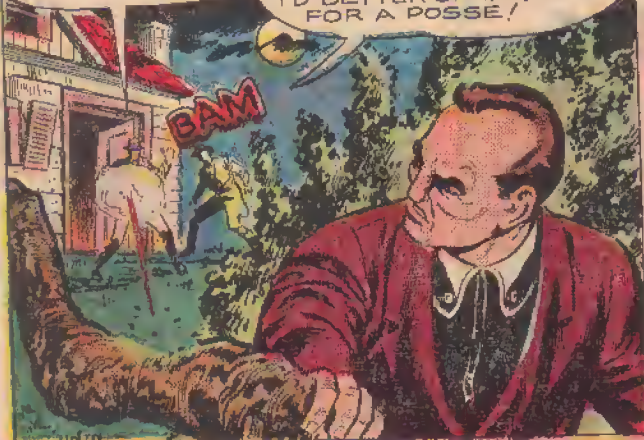
LOOKS LIKE THEY HAD A FIGHT AND HE KILLED HIS PAL!

YEAH, AND IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S GETTING AWAY WHILE WE STAND HERE JAWING! COME ON, OUT THE BACK!

A MOMENT LATER...

THERE HE GOES!
STOP HIM!

IT AIN'T GOING TO BE EASY
IN ALL THAT UNDERBRUSH!
I'D BETTER SEND BACK
FOR A POSSE!



A SEARCH FOR KEELER IS BEGUN IN
THE DANK WOODS SURROUNDING
MANTON FARM SOME HOURS LATER...

LOOKS LIKE
WE LOST HIM
AND THE
MONEY TOO!

MY COMPANY ISN'T
GOING TO LIKE THAT!
THE PAYROLL THEY
STOLE WAS INSURED
FOR TWO HUNDRED
THOUSAND DOLLARS AND
UNLESS IT'S FOUND WE HAVE
TO PAY THE POLICY IN FULL!



THE MONTHS PASS AND
THE KILLING IS FORGOT-
TEN. THE OLD FARM, RENT-
ED, BECOMES ALIVE AND
WARM ONCE MORE.

FOR AWHILE ALL'S WELL!
THEN STRANGE DISTUR-
ANCES MAKE THE NIGHT
UNENDURABLE...

DON'T WORRY, HE CAN'T
GET VERY FAR! SOONER
OR LATER WE'LL RUN HIM
DOWN!

IF YOU DON'T, I
WILL! I'LL FIND
HIM IF IT TAKES
TEN YEARS!



COFFEE'S ON THE STOVE,
CALEB, I'LL BE IN AS SOON
AS I FEED THE CHICKENS!

OKAY, HONEY..
I'LL HAVE A
CUP WAITING
FOR YOU!



CALEB, IT'S
THAT AWFUL
THUMPING
AGAIN! CAN
YOU DO SOME-
THING ABOUT IT?

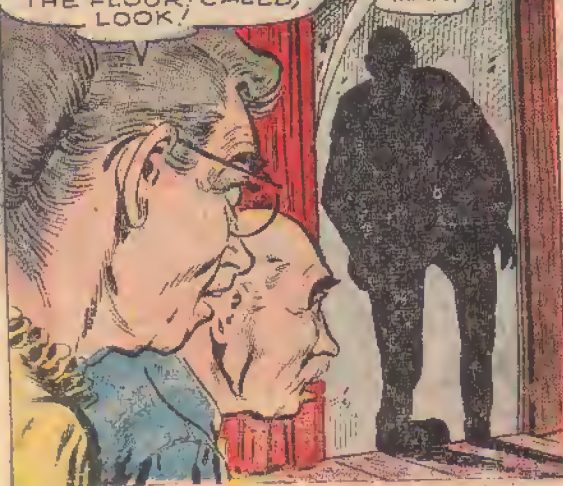
WE TRIED
EVERYTHING,
BUT DANGED
- I CAN FIND
OUT WHAT'S
MAKING IT!

THUMPS THUMP THUMP



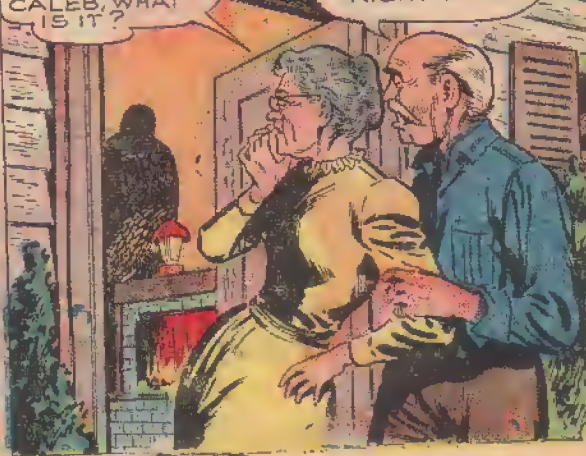
IT SOUNDS JUST LIKE
SOMEONE DRAGGING A
LAME FOOT ACROSS
THE FLOOR, CALEB,
LOOK!

IT'S...IT'S THE
SHADOW OF A
MAN!...A LAME
MAN!



IT'S GOTTEN SO COLD..
THE LIGHTS HAVE GROWN
SO DIM AND THE FIRE
FLICKERS SO
STRANGELY!
CALEB, WHAT
IS IT?

I DON'T KNOW AND
I DON'T INTEND
TO FIND OUT!
WE'RE LEAVING
THIS PLACE
RIGHT NOW!



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE OLD HOUSE IS RENTED, BUT NO FAMILY WILL REMAIN FOR MORE THAN A FEW WEEKS...

IF YOU'D CARE TO RECONSIDER, MISTER HALL, I'M SURE WE COULD MAKE A REDUCTION IN THE RENT...

NO, SIR! WE WOULDN'T STAY THERE ANY LONGER IF YOU GAVE US THE PLACE FREE!



SOON MANTON FARM RETURNED TO IT'S DESERTED STATE AND THE TOWNS-PEOPLE BEGAN TO WHISPER STORIES ABOUT ITS HAUNTED ROOMS...

GIDDAP, DOBBIN! I DON'T WANT TO STICK AROUND THESE PARTS ALL ALONE! IT'S GOIN' TO BE DARK PURTY SOON...



ONE DAY A STRANGER ARRIVES IN THE TOWN NEAR MANTON FARM AND VISITS THE REAL ESTATE AGENT...

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO GO OUT THERE FOR, STRANGER? IT ISN'T SAFE! THAT HOUSE IS HAUNTED!

THAT'S EXACTLY WHY I'M HERE! MY BUSINESS IS EXAMINING HAUNTED HOUSES! I'M A PSYCHIC INVESTIGATOR!

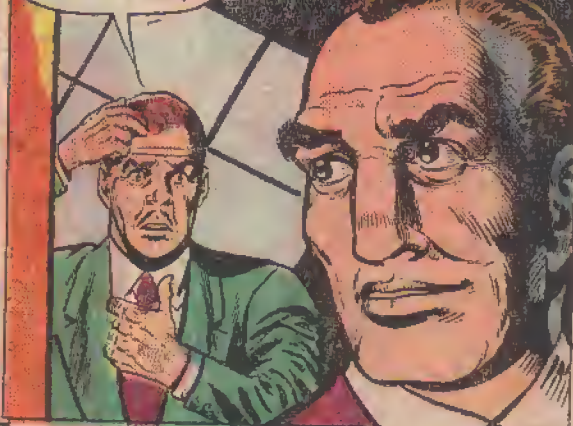
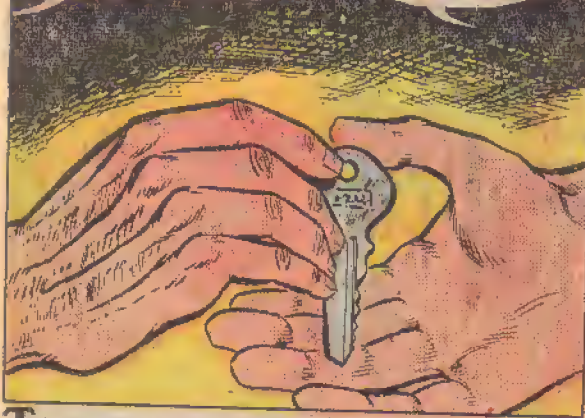


I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU ARE, MISTER! I WOULDN'T BE FOOL ENOUGH TO GO OUT TO THAT HOUSE! IT ISN'T EVEN UP FOR RENTAL ANYMORE...

GHOSTS DON'T BOTHER ME! I INTEND TO GO OUT THERE THIS VERY NIGHT!

FRIEND, YOU'RE CRAZIER THAN I THOUGHT! WELL, YOU'VE GOT THE KEY, BUT DON'T BLAME ME IF ANYTHING HAPPENS!

I WON'T! SEE YOU TOMORROW MORNING!



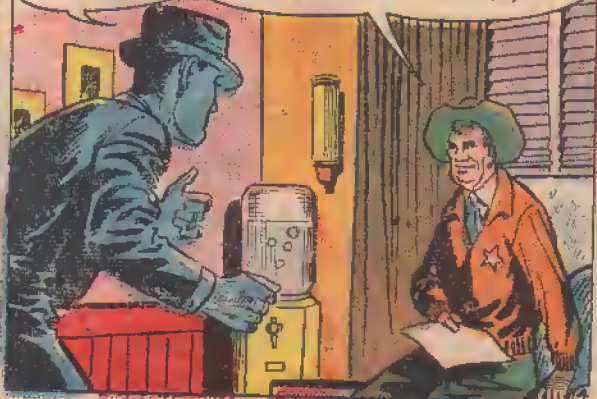
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU GUESSED IT! IT'S KEELER COMING BACK FOR THE MONEY HE STOLE AND KILLED TO GET! WHEN IT WAS DARK...

SHORTLY AFTER KEELER LEAVES FOR THE MANTON FARM ANOTHER MAN VISITS THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

NOBODY'LL COME SNOOPING AROUND WHILE I GET THAT DOUGH... THAT'S FOR SURE! THESE YOKELS ARE TOO SCARED TO COME WITHIN A MILE OF THE PLACE!

HELLO, SHERIFF, REMEMBER ME?

SURE DO! YOU'RE THAT INSURANCE COMPANY DETECTIVE! WHAT BRINGS YOU AROUND HERE?



SAME THING AS BEFORE...
KEELER! HE LEFT FOR
MANTON FARM ABOUT TEN
MINUTES AGO! THAT
MONEY IS STILL IN-
SIDE THAT HOUSE!

WHAT ARE WE
WAITING FOR?
LET'S GO!



MEANWHILE AT THE FARMHOUSE, KEELER
HAS RECLAIMED THE STOLEN MONEY
FROM ITS HIDING PLACE, AS HE GLOATS...

THREE HUNDRED GRAND AND IT'S
ALL MINE... BRRR! IT'S GETTING
AWFULLY COLD IN HERE...



SUDDENLY THE SOUND OF A
DRAGGING FOOT SCRAPING
ACROSS THE FLOOR ECHOES
THROUGH THE ROOM...

THAT SHADOW! IT LOOKS
LIKE... NO! IT CAN'T BE!

NO! NO!
KEEP
BACK!



AND SO THEY FOUND HIM... DEAD... THE
BILLS STILL CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND AND
STARK TERROR ETCHED ON HIS FACE...

THERE COMING ACROSS THE ROOM
STRAIGHT TOWARD THE CORPSE WAS A LINE
OF MUDDY FOOTPRINTS MADE BY A MAN...
A MAN WITH A CLUBFOOT!...

HE WAS FRIGHTENED TO DEATH!
MAYBE THERE IS SOMETHING TO THIS
HAUNTED HOUSE BUSINESS!

LOOK!

THEY... THEY ONLY GO ONE
WAY, THEY COME FROM
NOWHERE AND THEY GO
NOWHERE! WHAT'S THE
EXPLANATION?

ONE THING,
SHERIFF! IT
LOOKS AS IF
PETE JENKS HAS
FINALLY HAD HIS
REVENGE!



THE
END

STRANGE RANSOM

IN the quarter-century immediately following the end of the Civil War, New York City was a paradise for criminals. An underworld profession that flourished in the hands of several highly organized gangs was that of grave-robbery. They usually operated on the modest resting places of paupers, doing a brisk trade in cadavers with doctors and medical students. Little was done about it until, in 1878, the body of Alexander T. Stewart, a widely known millionaire merchant, was stolen from the family vault and held for ransom, creating one of the greatest public stirs the metropolis has ever witnessed.

Alexander T. Stewart, a small, thin man with reddish hair and notably cold gray eyes, had started his career as an obscure shopkeeper, but through extraordinary energy and ruthless business acumen rose to be the most prominent merchant prince of his time. At the apex of his career, he owned a huge store covering the block on Broadway between Ninth and Tenth Streets. His rule was never to trust anybody—he sold only for cash—and when he died in 1876 he had a fortune of \$30,000,000 and all the influence such staggering wealth bestows.

His body was scarcely in its grave at St. Mark's-in-the-Bowrie at Second Avenue and Tenth Street (then a fine neighborhood) when rumors spread that grave-robbers were planning to steal the corpse for ransom. However, though several underworld characters were found hanging about the graveyard during the next few weeks, no attempt was made to disturb the grave until Oct. 8, 1878, when the sexton found that someone had lifted the name slab. But the vault, which also contained four other bodies, had not been entered.

Henry Hilton, the attorney who was handling the estate for the widow (there were no children), had the locks changed

on the graveyard gates and, as camouflage, had the name slab moved and sunk into the turf ten feet away from the real grave. As a further precaution, a watchman was hired to check the graveyard once an hour during the night.

But when nothing more untoward had happened by November 3, 1878, Hilton felt that danger no longer threatened and the watchman was let go.

And the dawn of November 7 revealed that the body had been stolen in the night.

The robbers had bypassed the false name slab and had gone directly into the Stewart vault, which was constructed of brick and covered with three feet of earth. The lid of the outer cedar chest had been unscrewed, the lead coffin containing the casket cut through, the casket forced open, and the hundred-pound, unembalmed body of the merchant spirited away. The silver knobs and the name plate of the chest were taken and also a triangular piece of the velvet lining. The thieves left behind a new coal shovel and a lantern. Tracks near one of the cemetery gates showed that they had driven off with their loot in a wagon.

Next morning, the newspapers announced that the estate attorney, Hilton, had offered a reward of \$25,000 for the apprehension of the robbers and the return of the body. The crime was a sensation through the country. Over a hundred known criminals were made to produce alibis for their whereabouts on the night of the crime, and the authorities gave the thieves to understand that this was no ordinary crime for which political protection could be expected.

The police soon traced the shovel and lantern to their points of purchase, but there the trail ended. For months amateur and professional detectives searched for the body in carts, outhouses, barns and woods,

with resultant rumors periodically electrifying the newspapers. Armed guards were posted in cemeteries throughout New York City.

And then, the January following the crime, General Patrick H. Jones, a prominent lawyer, came to police superintendent Walling, who had taken personal charge of the case, bearing two of the silver handles and the knobs of the rifled chest, a small piece of the velvet lining, and a triangular piece of paper. These items, he said, he had just received in a package expressed from Canada. He had also received several letters signed "Henry G. Romaine," which requested that he act as go-between for the return of the body, for which the writer demanded a cash ransom of \$250,000. The General was instructed to use the personal columns of the New York *Herald* in conducting the negotiations.

One of the letters stated that the body had been taken to Canada and buried, and described the corpse as being in excellent condition and easily recognizable. As proof that the writer was really the robber, the letter pointed out that the triangular piece of paper he had sent was exactly the size of the piece of velvet torn from the casket lining and that the strip of velvet was of the same material as that used in the lining.

On instructions from the estate attorney, Hilton, and Superintendent Walling, General Jones inserted a personal in the *Herald* on February 5, saying he was ready to negotiate. Within a week, there came a reply from Romaine, postmarked Boston, offering to return the body under these conditions: The body would be delivered to General Jones and Hilton, none other to be present, at a point within twenty-five miles of Montreal, upon payment of \$200,000. The ransom money was to remain in the general's hands until Hilton was satisfied, and then turned over to Romaine's representative.

Hilton indignantly declined these terms and stated he would not negotiate further. But in the middle of March, after Romaine had unsuccessfully requested General Jones to approach the widow directly in the matter, Hilton made an offer of \$25-

000. Romaine refused, "respectfully but firmly."

Things were thus deadlocked for over a year. And then the distraught Mrs. Stewart decided to act for herself, and instructed General Jones to make an offer of \$100,000 to Romaine. The general suggested a payment of \$20,000—and this was immediately accepted by Romaine, who gave the following instructions:

A lone messenger, with the ransom in cash in a canvas bag, was to leave New York City in a one-horse wagon on an appointed night at ten o'clock, thence to proceed into Westchester County, Connecticut, and drive along a certain little-used country road. Here the messenger would be met and instructed further.

On the night designated, a relative of the widow, who had volunteered to act as messenger, left the city as directed and soon was slowly driving along that lonely Connecticut road. He felt several times he was being observed, and at three in the morning a masked rider suddenly emerged from the woods and ordered him turn his wagon into a nearby lane.

After a mile, there loomed up ahead a buggy drawn across the lane. As he approached, two more masked men climbed down from it, one of them carrying a heavy gunnysack.

After the strangers had established their identity by producing a triangle of velvet, the messenger handed over the \$20,000. The gunnysack, which contained Stewart's bones, was thereupon unceremoniously heaved into the wagon. The robbers then drove away to the north in their buggy and the messenger with his cargo sped back to the city.

There the bones were turned over to an undertaker to be packed in a trunk, and the next night were transported in a special freight car to a waiting coffin in the burial vault of the Cathedral at Garden City, Long Island.

For many years, the vault was guarded by a hidden device which, if touched, would set off alarm bells in the Cathedral tower. But, at last report, the bones of Alexander T. Stewart are still at peace.

LONG BEFORE THE RACE WE KNOW AS THE AMERICAN INDIANS CAME TO THIS CONTINENT, ANOTHER ANCIENT AND MYSTERIOUS RACE OF MEN LIVED HERE. FOR MANY YEARS, ARCHEOLOGISTS HAVE EXPLORED THE SOUTHWEST IN EFFORTS TO FIND TRACES OF VANISHED VILLAGES. **DR. MARTIN PEALE**, AN AVID STUDENT OF THE PAST, HAS PENETRATED INTO THE DEPTHS OF A CAVE IN THE ARIZONA DESERT. THERE, HIS SEARCH IS REWARDED BY THE DISCOVERY OF A FANTASTIC CARVING MADE UNTOLD AGES AGO. HIS CRY OF TRIUMPH WAS ECHOED BY A SILENT WARNING PROTEST WHICH, IF HUMAN EARS COULD HAVE HEARD IT, WOULD HAVE CRIED OUT IN BITTER OUTRAGE ...

"DON'T BOX ME IN"



EUREKA! WHAT A FIND... A CARVING OF THE LOST RACE. ACCORDING TO THIS ROCK FORMATION, IT MUST BE AT LEAST 10,000 YEARS OLD!

OH, STOP YOUR SUPERSTITIOUS GRUMBLING. THIS IS OF GREAT SCIENTIFIC VALUE TO THE WORLD.

MOGUM
- HE OLD TIME INDIAN GOD.
NO GOOD DISTURB HIM.

A. C. HOLLINGSWORTH

DR. PEALE, YOUR NAME WILL BE FAMOUS, THE MUSEUMS WILL BE OUTBIDDING EACH OTHER FOR THIS.

NO. THIS IS MY PRIVATE EXPEDITION AND I INTEND TO KEEP THIS FIND FOR MYSELF.

ALL RIGHT, YOU MEN GET BUSY AND PUT THIS STATUE IN A CRATE.

BOARDS ARE BROUGHT IN AND THE ANTIQUE CARVING IS CARTED OUT...

CAREFUL, NOW. DON'T JAR IT.

WE WILL KEEP IT IN CAMP TONIGHT AND TOMORROW WE'LL HEAD FOR THE RAILROAD.



THAT NIGHT, A STRANGE NOISE BROUGHT DR. PEALE AWAKE WITH A START...



THE EXPLORER AND MEN OF HIS CREW RUSHED FROM THEIR TENTS TO WHERE THEY HAD LEFT THE STATUE SECURELY CRATED...



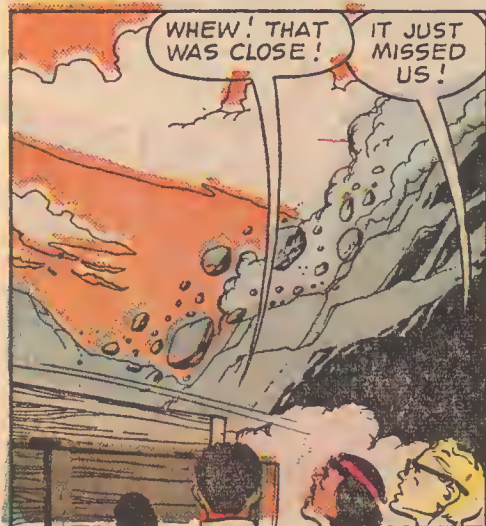
CALLING THE LABORERS, THEY HAVE THE BOX NAILED UP AGAIN...



WHEN DAY DAWNS, THEY BREAK CAMP AND AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE, THE LOOMING CLIFF OVERHEAD SEEMS TO TREMBLE OMINOUSLY, A MENACE FROUGHT WITH IMMINENT DANGER...



THE EXPEDITION BARELY ESCAPES AS THOUSANDS OF TONS OF EARTH THUNDER DOWN ON THE SPOT THEY SO RECENTLY OCCUPIED...



THE FOREMAN OF THE INDIAN WORKERS SPEAKS UP...



AFTER AN ARDUOUS JOURNEY TO THE RAIL LINE, THE CRATED FIGURE IS PUT INTO A BAGGAGE CAR...



ON THE SAME TRAIN, DR. PEALE SERENELY GOES TO SLEEP IN HIS BERTH, CONFIDENT OF THE GLORY AWAITING HIS ACHIEVEMENT. MANY MILES FURTHER ON, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, HE AWAKES, HIS SENSES STARTLED BY A FEELING THAT ALL IS NOT WELL ...

AS THE EXPLORER LEAPS INTO THE CAR AISLE, THE INTRUDER, WHOEVER IT WAS, BEATS A HASTY RETREAT BEFORE HE CAN SEE ANYTHING ...

SOMETHING'S WRONG! WHAT'S THAT--THAT SHADOW? IT'S SHAPED JUST LIKE MY PRE-HISTORIC IMAGE!

WHO--? WHAT--?

SLAM!

THE APPARITION SUDDENLY DISAPPEARS AND DR. PEALE GATHERS HIS WITS, PULLS ON A ROBE AND RUNS THROUGH THE TRAIN TO THE BAGGAGE CAR ...

IN THE BAGGAGE CAR, DR. PEALE IS IN FOR A SURPRISE ...

IT--IT'S OUT OF ITS CRATE!

YEAH, MUST HAVE COME LOOSE WHEN I WASN'T LOOKING.

ONCE I NAIL THIS CRATE UP AGAIN, I'M GOING TO STAY RIGHT HERE AND WATCH IT FOR THE REST OF THE TRIP.

I MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING ... THAT STATUE IS SECURELY CRATED IN THE CAR UP AHEAD.

BAGGAGE

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE SOUTHWEST, THE INDIAN VILLAGES ARE SUFFERING FROM AN ACUTE DROUGHT...THE PEOPLE ARE STARVING...

A WEEK LATER, DR. PEALE REACHES HOME AND IS GREETED BY HIS WIFE ...

YI-EEE-EE! WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO US? WE WILL ALL STARVE!

THIS IS THE WORST DISASTER WITHIN THE MEMORY OF OUR TRIBE.

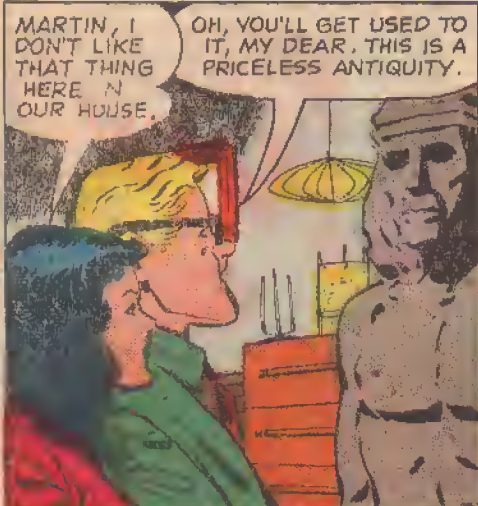
LISTEN, MY BROTHERS--THIS IS NO WHIM OF NATURE. THE GOD OF OUR FATHERS, GREAT MOGUM, IS ANGRY BECAUSE HIS ANCIENT IMAGE HAS BEEN STOLEN FROM ITS RIGHTFUL PLACE.

MARTIN, AREN'T YOU GOING TO SEND THAT--THAT THING TO A MUSEUM?

NO--I'M GOING TO SET IT UP RIGHT HERE IN OUR HOUSE. MY COLLEAGUES SCOFFED AT MY THEORIES, NOW THEY WILL HAVE TO COME HERE TO SEE THIS.

THE IMAGE IS SET UP IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE EXPLORER'S HOME ...

SOON, DISTINGUISHED SCIENTISTS OF ARCHEOLOGY FLOCK TO PEALE'S HOME TO SEE THE TREASURE ...



MARTIN, I DON'T LIKE THAT THING HERE IN OUR HOUSE.

OH, YOU'LL GET USED TO IT, MY DEAR. THIS IS A PRICELESS ANTIQUITY.



YES, THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY PREHISTORIC. YOU HAVE MADE A SPECTACULAR DISCOVERY.

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM WILL BID HIGH FOR THIS.

I DO NOT INTEND TO PART WITH IT. THIS IS THE CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT OF MY CAREER.

BUT LATE THAT NIGHT, AN UNHOLY RACKET BREAKS LOOSE IN THE EXPLORER'S HOUSE ...



WHAT'S THAT? -- THOSE NOISES DOWNSTAIRS--?



OH, MARTIN-- DON'T GO DOWN THERE ... I'M AFRAID!

I MUST! I'LL BET SOMEBODY IS TRYING TO STEAL MY PREHISTORIC IMAGE ... THOSE JEALOUS FELLOWS!



COME BACK, MARTIN! OH-H--

IN HIS LIVING ROOM, DR. PEALE STANDS AGHAST BEFORE THE VACANT SPOT WHERE HE HAD SET UP HIS PRIZED STATUE FOR EXHIBITION ...



JUST THEN, A TERRIFIED SCREAM SHRILLED FROM THE FLOOR ABOVE ...



THAT'S HILDA! SOMETHING'S WRONG UP THERE--!

PREHISTORIC
INDIAN
CARVINGS
LIGHTS
200
25

I WONDER WHAT COULD HAVE FRIGHTENED HER SO -- I'LL SOON FIND OUT.



ONCE UPSTAIRS, HE FINDS HIS WIFE POINTING EXCITEDLY OUT OF THE WINDOW...

LOOK -- IT'S THAT THING -- THAT FIGURE OF YOURS!



UNBELIEVING, YET IMPELLED TO SEE THE EVENTS THROUGH, THEY DESCEND AND FOLLOW THE FUGITIVE ACROSS THE WIDE SUBURBAN LAWNS...

HURRY! WE MUSTN'T LOSE SIGHT OF IT. I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR ANYTHING THAT MAY HAPPEN.



THE CHASE LEADS ACROSS A WIDE STREET QUIET NOW IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, EXCEPT FOR AN APPROACHING AUTOMOBILE...

THE 20TH CENTURY COLLIDES WITH ANTIQUITY AS THE FLEEING FIGURE RUNS INTO THE PATH OF THE ONCOMING VEHICLE. THERE IS A CRASH, AND ...

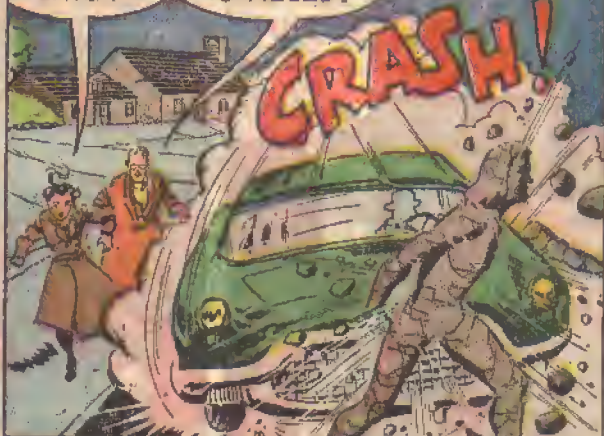
IT'S GAINING ON US. WE'LL NEVER CATCH UP!

LOOK AT THAT CAR! IT'S GOING TO -- !!



WE'RE TOO LATE!

IT'S SMASHED TO PIECES!



THE DRIVER CLIMBS OUT AS PEALE AND HIS WIFE RUN BREATHLESSLY TO THE SPOT OF THE ENCOUNTER.

DR. PEALE GATHERS UP, FORLORNLY, THE PIECES OF THE ANCIENT CARVING...

ANYBODY HURT? IT WASN'T MY FAULT --

NOBODY HURT, I'M GLAD TO SAY

THIS STUFF OF MINE IS BROKEN, BUT YOU'RE NOT TO BLAME. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.



MARTIN! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SET THAT THING UP IN OUR HOUSE AGAIN, ARE YOU?

NO, MY DEAR. I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS TOO.



**DR. PEALE DEPOSITS THE
BROKEN PIECES IN A
BIN IN HIS CELLAR...**

I'LL CAREFULLY RECON-
STRUCT THIS FIGURE AND
LET IT GO TO WHATEVER
MUSEUM BIDS HIGHEST
FOR IT.



THE NEXT DAY...

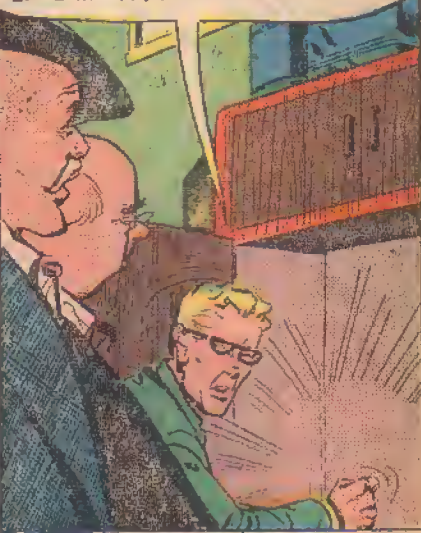
WE HEARD YOU ARE WILLING TO
LET US HAVE THE PREHISTORIC
IMAGE, DOCTOR. YOU SAY IT IS
BROKEN, BUT WE'D
LIKE TO SEE WHAT
CONDITION IT'S IN
AT PRESENT.



ALL RIGHT,
GENTLEMEN.
IT'S IN A BIN
DOWNSTAIRS.
COME - I'LL
SHOW YOU.

BUT WHEN HE OPENS THE BIN...

WHY, IT'S GONE! EVERY PIECE
OF IT HAS VANISHED, I--I CAN'T
EXPLAIN IT, I PUT IT ALL HERE--



THE OFFICIALS STALK OUT...

IS THIS A JOKE? WE HAVE HAD
ENOUGH OF YOUR ECCENTRICITIES,
DR. PEALE. CONSIDER OUR
OFFER WITHDRAWN!

BUT,
GENTLEMEN--



**THEN, IN THE FARAWAY INDIAN
VILLAGES, A MERCIFUL RAIN ENDS
THE MISERY OF THE INHABITANTS.**

THE GREAT
MOGUM NOW
SEND RAIN!

MOGUM NO LONGER
ANGRY. HE ALL
HAPPY AGAIN.



**AND DEEP IN THE CAVE
HIDDEN FROM HUMAN EYES BY
THE LANDSLIDE, THE ANCIENT
STATUE HAS MYSTERIOUSLY
FOUND ITS WAY HOME AGAIN,
TO STAND IN LONELY VIGIL,
WATCHING THE CENTURIES
ROLL SILENTLY PAST...**



THE END!



Best in Comics!



LOOK FOR THIS SEAL

